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Means without Living. 18

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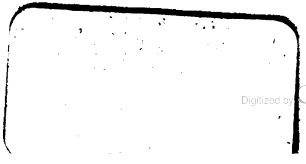

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NEW EXPERIMENTS.

MEANS WITHOUT LIVING.

All philosophers, who find
A favorite system to their mind,
In every point, to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.

WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
121 Washington Street.
1837.

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NEW EXPERIMENTS.

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BOSTON:
WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
121 Washington Street.
1837.

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A CHAPTER ON QUACKERY, ULTRAISM, &c.

QUACKERY appears to be the order of the day; and the more impudent, abominable and unblushing it is, the more successful. Lecture rooms and Lyceums, and even pulpits are contaminated with it; and as to our newspapers, a large majority of them should adopt 'Herald of Quackery,' as a running title. The advertising portions of our periodical sheets, to which any one may have access for the usual fee, are full of the promises of charlatans; and the corners of the streets are brilliant with their glaring devices for attracting the attention of the passenger. If the mere amount of money out of which people are gulled were all the mischief, we would not say one word; and if the physi-

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cal mischief worked upon the bodies of the victims were the worst calamity of this state of things, we would still be silent. But there are great moral evils arising out of this system of fraud. Not to notice the general evil of legal knavery upon the public mind — the disrepute into which moral honesty falls in a community which supports lying knaves like princes — levying a voluntary and onerous tax upon their own health and purses for that purpose — we pass to inducements to vice, appeals to individual passion, which are held out in many of the medicinal quack advertisments. Those who are suffering the penalties of dissipation in bodily illness, are promised what by any means short of a miracle is an impossibility: they are offered immunity from disease, and immediate cure, by the swallowing of some nostrum, to which, if we believe the advertisement, the long dreamed of Elixir of Life would be mere milk and water. And not only is a cure promised after disease is seated, but articles are advertised which are

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warranted to enable the person who will swallow them to indulge in dissipation if he pleases — to challenge and defy the consequences, while he plunges into all the excesses, of vice. Now these people lie — or they are the accessories to the sin of their dupes. They would have the world believe that they have discovered a something which is 'purely vegetable, simple and harmless,' and yet potent enough to step in between cause and effect, and arrest the operation of the laws of nature. We might point out particular cases of this imposition — but it is unfortunately the case that the 'puff collusive,' operates more to the advantage of these monstrous humbugs than the most artful recommendation in the world would.

What does such a state of things argue for the delicacy of the moral sense of the community? What estimate of 'public opinion' have those persons formed who openly advertise themselves the panders to vice? We fear, a just one. They know that money-getting is an ex-

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cuse for any and everything a man can do — short of direct larceny, burglary, or illegal swindling. They know that though they pursue a systematic course of deliberate lying and disgraceful self-debasement, that 'they get money by it' is a sufficient reason for their conduct in the estimation of the public — an ample justification. They are even quoted as smart, likely men, for a degree of moral turpitude and filthly baseness, which, if displayed in almost any other way, would degrade them to the kennel. *Money* induces the quack to forego his own self-respect, and announce himself the high priest of iniquity. *Money* procures his advertisements insertions in newspapers, simultaneously with moral essay editorials. *Money* induces respectable and responsible citizens to become the agents of irresponsible and dirty charlatans; for *money* they vend and recommend mixtures either positively innocuous and insipid, or actually poisonous. There are some modern newspapers which almost disgrace the

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houses to which they are sent. They are capable of corrupting whole generations — and *they do it*.

But the quack dealers in patent medicines are not alone. They are kept in countenance by quack preachers, quack lawyers, quack teachers, quack lecturers, quack philanthropists, quack merchants, and quack mechanics. We have sometimes thought that it is this general consciousness of quackery in the community, which leads not only to the toleration, but to the patronage, of quack doctors.

'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.'

But there are some classes of quacks who are innocent of the deception they are practising upon the public, because they are first deceived themselves, and are only propagating, all in good faith, absurdities which they firmly believe themselves. Of these are the ultraists, who build extensive edifices of theory upon true premises, though all too narrow for the superstructure erected upon them. The 'science of human

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life' has become a favorite hobby of late; as the world has existed, according to the Mosaic account but about six thousand years, its inhabitants have yet to learn the *science* of living. An uninitiated person might think this the most simple science in the world — easy of acquisition, if not indeed intuitive. But teachers have sprung up who would reduce the whole economy of living to a set of austere rules. Deeming temperance the only means of preserving health, it seems as if they never could get enough of a good thing. But the acerbity of an anchorite is intemperate temperance, and those who would introduce it into the walks of every day active life, attempt more than the hermit. If a person fatigued with over exercise should therefore resolve against any motion of his limbs as contrary to the laws of his organization, we should be amused at his ultraism. Yet those who, distressed at some time with a surfeit, thence infer that all generous food must be thrown aside, and that the body must be

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supported on the least possible quantity of the least agreeable food, pursue a conduct and a system analagous to the dreams of a person who should build the theory of the necessity of an entirely passive life, upon the fact that a ten miles walk fatigues the body. Man is not an automaton, or a machine: therefore it is impossible to conceive rules for uniform diet, exercise, or habits, in all cases, and under all circumstances. All the experience of all ages goes against such a system, and rational pride revolts at the idea of being degraded into a creature of instructions, without discretion. But the worst of the business is, that our modern philosophers are not content to stop where reason and common sense might bear them some semblance of support, but push beyond reason, common sense, and practicability. And we regret exceedingly that it is in our power to state of one modern lecturer, not at present in this State, that he did not pretend to expect to effect a revolution among adults, nor to follow

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his own rules, so far as to require any self-denial. He said he lectured 'for the next generation;' and devoured himself more food daily than any two men usually do.

Parsimony has latterly been held out as an inducement to potato fare — not economy, but parsimony. People are directed to make themselves contented with a small income, and, instead of striving to acquire more by industry, to labor by denying themselves all gratification of the palate — to subsist on nothing — to drag out a mere existence, and illustrate the fifth experiment, Means Without Living. We doubt not that gentlemen who advocate such a system may be conscientious in so doing, and we attribute their published 'bean porridge and potato pealing' dietetics rather to the habit of hunting a theory to death, than to any insincerity in the promulgation. Still we deem such treatises fair subject for ridicule.

In the following pages free use has been made of published lectures, reports, and current

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oral representations. If the authority for each paragraph has not been designated, the omission has been made, not with the intention to claim originality, but to avoid pointing out persons — systems, not individuals being the intended game of the author. Believing it utterly impossible to mend nature, and the height of folly to undertake to reduce every breath of the body, and every idea of the mind to cold, methodical system, the writer commends his little tract to the reader, persuaded that however foolish it may appear, it cannot excite more disgust than did the misapplication of time, and the frittering of talents evident in a late tract published under the name of a gentleman, whose talents and research, evinced in previous works more worthy of him, are universally admitted.

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MEANS WITHOUT LIVING.

We would commence with a simile, if we knew what under the canopy the noise of a child rolling down stairs can be compared to. It is as near theatrical thunder as any thing, but that comparison will not answer, as our readers are presumed incapable of appreciating it. 'We do not write for persons who are so far slaves to fashion as to go to the theatre.'

The rolling, tumbling, thundering noise, alternating between the sound of a potato falling in a barrel, and a muffled drum, as either extremity of the descending child struck the stairs, preluded a most vociferous vociferation of two mothers at the head of the flight, and a most dolorous and uproarious lamentation of one child at the bottom.

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'Your brat pushed my child down stairs,' screamed one of the ladies.

'Boo-oo-oo-oo! bellowed the little fallen angel, as a symphony.

'Well your ugly tyke no business to steal my little John's apple,' shrieked the other.

Again the symphony sounded.

'He 's too ugly to live, he is!'

'No more ugly than your own!'

'Boo-oo-oo-oo-o-o-o!'

The child might have lain and roared till all the phrenological developments of the two women were bared by extraction of their hair, but for the timely entrance of Mr Loveleisure, who took up the little budget of noise, and carrying it up stairs, somewhat awed the female combatants. But they only stopped to take breath.

'I do wish,' said his wife, 'that you had stayed in our old comfortable house, instead of moving into this hole. There we had not a neighbor who was not separated from us by a two foot brick wall.'

'Lucky for them!' cried the mother of the child, as she hugged it to stifle its bawling.

Ladies,' said Mr Loveleisure, '"these little differences"'—the women exchanged tiger glan-

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ces—' "are no objection to the occupation of one large tenement by several families. They seem to me among the strongest reasons in favor of such a method. They shew that our temper and character are not what they should be." '

'Don't *you* talk of character, you monster! Don't *you* talk of character,' cried Mrs Battles, putting down her child, and setting her arms akimbo. 'The house was respectable till you moved in with your vixen of a wife. Temper! forsooth! Who shows the most!'

'None of your twitting you hateful woman — none of your twitting!' screamed Mrs Loveleisure.

'Don't you call me hateful!' shrieked Mrs Battles, 'Don't you call me hateful!'

Mr Loveleisure drew off his wife, and left her antagonist in possession of the field — the common stair-case and passage-way. She thought a moment, and then with a fertility of invention which is excelled only by that of the general who first contrived the manner of distressing an enemy's cavalry by throwing 'crow's feet' over a tract which they were expected to pass, she threw first the contents of the ash-pail on the stairs, and then a bucket of water. Proudly

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as she strode into her room, she saw from the window that her neighbor's 'wash' hung in the yard below, and with broom in hand she stepped out upon the shed, and consummated her victory over the Loveleisures, by sweeping off the six month's accumulation of dust upon the harmless linen.

And now the Loveleisures sat them down to their luxurious repast — a loaf of stale bread, flanked by three tumblers of water. Mr Loveleisure was one of those deep-read philosophers who read a great deal, and like the chameleon take the hues of their opinions from the last book. He had been studying an extremely useful and consistent code of domestic economy then just published, and as a consequence all his speeches were preceptive, and verbatim quotations of his author. He had the reputation of being a thinking man, and imagined himself such; but unfortunately *thought*, with him, as with many others, was only an exercise of the *memory*. All his life through, he has been as innocent of anything original, as is the tract under the influence of which he changed comfortable lodgings for 'three rooms' in the house with Mrs Battles.

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'My dear,' said Mrs Loveleisure, 'I really think you might afford us a little butter.'

'"All processes of changing food, already excellent, into that which is less so, or even no better than before, are unjustifiable. Such is the change of milk into butter and cheese," and I really cannot reconcile an unjustifiable mode of living to my conscience. But you might have boiled a couple of potatoes, my dear.'

'There are none in the house.'

'None! why, I purchased half a peck only a week ago!'

'And the rats have eaten the last of them. Ever since you killed the cat, because Dr A. says it costs almost half as much to support a cat as to support a child, we have been overrun with rats and mice.'

'Ma — want a cake!'

'Well, the child should have one.'

'Mrs Loveleisure — stop — stop — let me examine that. Where did it come from?'

'From the baker's.'

'Let me see — Let me see! I thought so!' he exclaimed, as he examined the obnoxious article, — 'I thought so!'

'Why, what is the matter?'

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'What? It is strange that women, mothers, nurses, cannot have more discretion!'

'What do you mean?'

Mr Loveleisure drew a long breath, as one might who had seen his child plucked from the jaws of a hungry bear. 'Mrs Loveleisure, but for my timely interference, the babe's health might have been ruined forever.'

Mrs Loveleisure was now terribly frightened, and the child looked up in astonishment. 'Does the cake contain arsenic, Mr Loveleisure?'

'No; but something worse.'

'White lead?'

'Worse!'

'What *can* it be?' said the mother, pale with affright at her child's narrow escape.

'Caraway seeds!' said Mr Loveleisure, in the solemn, hesitating tone of one who expects to overwhelm the listener with the piece of information he communicates.

'You great fool,' was the wife's very gentle reply, as she snatched the cake from his hand.

'Oh, dear,' sighed Mr Loveleisure. 'It is strange that women, who are so much benefited by the march of mind, and the wonderful discoveries made in the Science of Human Life,

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will oppose the convictions born in the minds of learned men, and demonstrated by them.—Mrs Loveleisure, I do not talk without book'—

'I know that to my sorrow.'

'Mrs Loveleisure, Dr A. says, "Mixing seeds with cake is *unjustifiable*. These mixtures are always rendered, by the mixture, less digestible than before; and usually more stimulating; and some of them are positively an abomination in the sight of reason and good sense." You notice he speaks directly, pointedly, and explicitly of *seeds*, Mrs Loveleisure.'

Mrs Loveleisure said nothing, but she *thought* that Dr A. was a 'great Betty,' and just that sort of man that women are very fond of denominating an 'old hen,' fond of prying into the dish-kettle and the pudding-bag, to the terror of the wife; and the kitchen girl, if he have any. We are aware that it was very naughty in Mrs L. to think so, and regret exceedingly that she is not singular, or alone in her sin against that good man, and great reformer.

Dinner finished, Mr L. went out — to his business? Oh, no! If others had made the discovery for him, that it is the miserable and corrupt usages of the world which render a

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large income necessary, and that a person who has hardihood enough to defy custom, and live on the smallest possible means, may support himself with a very small income; he had improved upon the suggestion by discovering, that a small income requires little labor to obtain it, *ergo*, that much labor is unnecessary, and that unnecessary labor is as foolish as anything else unnecessary. It is true that diminishing the supply to the demand carried him back to where he started, but what of that? Man does not live to labor, but labor to live, and political economists have demonstrated that if every body would work, *i. e.* raise potatoes, four hours per diem would supply all their necessaries. So Mr Loveleisure thought, and so he acted — and consequently, his small means were as hardly earned as his former comparatively large income had been. What a pity it is that the Hottentots, the Aborigines of this country, the Lazzaroni of Italy, and the idle peasants of other temperate and torrid climes have the precedence over our modern philosophers, in point of time. The idea of avoiding labor may be original with all who practise upon it — we doubt not it is intuitive.

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This world is filled with reformers, and theorists, each, if the truth be known, most anxious to perpetuate his own name as the founder of a sect in political economy, religion, or dietetics—which latter science, according to John Neal, means the science of '*Not-eating*.' Pomp and circumstance constitute the preserving causes of the respect paid to royalty, to the pulpit, the bench, the bar, and the lancet. Philosophers who undertake to turn the world upside down generally commence with an attack upon the serried points of ceremony which defend the dignity of established usages, and established ceremonies. No matter in what the difference between the reformer and the persons to be reformed consists, so that there be a striking difference that everybody may detect. Charles I. might have carried his head to his grave on his shoulders if Cromwell had not worn his hair after the fashion of the round heads. Matthias, of modern memory, would not have had one of the stream of followers which flowed after him, if he had not worn a flowing beard. The thousand fraternities of cloistered monks, and the solitary hermits of early Christian times obtained and maintained their distinction by outer and

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self-tormenting practices; or what amounts to the same thing in effect, by persuading the good people that certain things were practices with them. It will not do to differ just a shade, and just enough from everybody else, because then nobody is startled with the difference, and nobody led to look on in wonder. Our modern apostles of reform in politics mean just half what they say when they cry out for thorough radicalism, and our teachers of dietetics and domestic economy, allow in practice, *i. e.* their own practice, a great many indulgencies which their system seems to condemn — the extra restrictions being only to call attention. But there are many disciples who try to follow the letter of their instructions. Among these was Mr Loveleisure, whose conversion first became apparent as follows.

'Yes — yes — I am thoroughly convinced of it.'

'Of what, Mr Loveleisure?'

Mr Loveleisure had been sitting some two hours in a reverie. It was Sabbath morning, and, a stormy day — such a day as affords a good excuse for those to stay at home whose Sabbath meditations commence with a search

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for pretexts which may enable them to keep quiet in the house during the day, and keep conscience quiet too.

'Thoroughly, thoroughly convinced.'

'Of what?' again inquired his helpmeet.

He deigned no answer — but as his silence, when questioned by her, was usual, she steadily pursued her study of the Apocalypse without again interrupting him. Children and women, when they read the scriptures from a sense of duty, or for appearances, very naturally select those chapters which are least profitable, because the reader is less capable of understanding them than any other portion of the sacred volume. Mr Loveleisure pursued his reverie a few moments longer, and then broke out: —

'"The real wants of man's physical nature are very few. Most of those which we deem such are so because we have been accustomed to them. They are artificial — conventional — wholly so. Their gratification makes us neither happier nor better. On the contrary, our happiness, as a general rule, — I speak of mere physical comfort — is diminished as our physical gratifications are increased."'

Mrs Loveleisure made no reply. He waited

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till he saw she was determined to enter into no dispute with him, and to attack none of his positions, and then again addressed himself to her.

'Mrs Loveleisure.'

'Well,' said the lady, raising her eyes for a moment.

'We have made a great mistake in taking a lease of this house.'

'I am sure I do not think we could be better accommodated. It is roomy'—

'Bad — bad. We do not really need but three apartments.'

'And then it is so distinct, and so well divided from our neighbors.'

'Worse still. The usual objection, that little differences' — but we will have mercy upon the reader, who has already heard the quotation once. If he had been in daily contact with our hero, he would have heard that and half a hundred others iterated and reiterated 'line upon line, and precept upon precept, in season and out of season.' His wife, though accustomed to his vagaries, had never before seen him so decidedly rabid, but aware that reasoning with him would only confirm him in the whim, she barely recommended him to seek another tene-

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ment forthwith, and pursued her reading. As we have seen, he took her at her word.

To return to the afternoon walk upon which we left Mr Loveleisure. He encountered in his rambles an advertisement setting forth that a celebrated Professor of the science of Animal Magnetism would that evening enlighten that portion of the citizens of this goodly city who would listen to his lecture. He hurried back home, full of the subject, and begged his wife to get ready to go with him and be initiated in all the hidden mysteries of that occult science of which those who know most, know least.

'But there is one objection, my dear,' said the wife, 'you will recollect that under the impression that employing "help" is "ridiculous," and that it is "as hard to oversee hired help" as to do the work ourselves, you sent poor Jenny home to her mother to starve, weeks ago. How am I to manage with the child — leave it in care of our *friend*, Mrs Battles?'

'Hem-em — well — there is a difficulty. No system is perfect, and this is one of the inconveniencies. But I can't give up the "Ways of Living on Small Means," for all that.'

'I am rejoiced to hear you say so,' said Mrs

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L., taking up the tract, 'because I shall then have your society at home this evening. "The evening, if we retire as early as Nature appears to me to demand, that is, by eight or nine o'clock — never later than nine" — recollect the *never*, my dear — "should be sacred to family conversation."'

Mr Loveleisure felt very much inclined to turn a deaf ear to the Doctor — but as it was a hobby of his own introduction, how could he? He continued his preparations without saying a word. His wife again spoke.

'My dear here is another consideration which you *must* listen to!'

Mr L. was always ready to listen to 'considerations.'

'We may be subjected to great and irretrievable loss, by your going out.'

'How?'

'Dr A.'s book says that by going out in the evening people have their hen-roosts robbed!'

'Fudge!' pouted the gentleman as he slammed the door after him.

'Good!' said the lady, as she heard his footsteps on the stairs. 'I can smell a roasted sirloin in that expressive "fudge!"'

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'A family quarrel' said Mrs Battles as she squinted down stairs after the retreating philosopher. And there was not one of her crone companions but knew before she was an hour older that it was her honest and deliberate opinion — she was sorry to say it — but the truth would bear its own weight, and it was her sincere and firm conviction that Mr and Mrs Loveleisure did not love each other.

'How do you know?' said the first to whom she imparted her news.

Mother Battles shook her head once, significantly.

'How do you know?' said the second.

Mother Battles shook her head twice.

The third time she was asked for reasons, she averred that she saw Mrs L. chase her husband to the head of the stairs.

'That might have been play.'

'But she had the tea-kettle in her hand.'

'That is nothing.'

'But she threw it after him, hot water and all!'

'Then she must be a vixen.'

And having by the aid of a fine poetic imagination made her story good, Mrs Battles returned home, went to the door of the Loveleisures'

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sitting-room and listened — then to their bed-chamber and listened, and, satisfied that he had not returned, worked a quarter of an hour in pushing a bolt in the street door, which had never been fastened before since the man who built the house gave the key to the proprietor.

'The usual objection,' &c.

Mr Loveleisure all this while was studying Animal Magnetism. A new revelation seemed to be opening to him. He knew now, he thought, why the eye gives sparks when a particularly hard knock makes one see stars. He knew why a black cat's back rivals [Sir Humphrey Davy's patent mine lamp, when rubbed in the dark. It was the magnetic fluid *he* thought. He knew why a fat hog goes to sleep when his back is hoed, it being because the hoe and handle serve as a combined metallic and vegetable tractor.

If the lecturer did not magnetise, he bewitched poor Mr Loveleisure. He told such probable and natural stories, with such an appearance of sincerity, and demonstrated how beautifully animal magnetism explains every thing which can be explained no other way, that Mr Loveleisure was a convert at once.

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The lecturer seemed by an exertion of 'his will,' to enlarge the capacity of the faith of his victim. Mr Loveleisure swallowed the story of a lady near Blois, in France, whom the lecturer *knew*, without winking, gulping, or doubting. The lady 'was affected with catalepsy. During her fits she lost wholly the faculty of seeing by her eyes, hearing with her ears, smelling with her nose; but she saw, heard and smelt very well by the pit of her stomach! That lady was able to see a great way off through the walls, and foretold what was to happen at many days interval. She prescribed remedies for herself; announced in what manner and at what time she would cure; and everything took place according to her predictions.'* Mr L. thought what an excellent house-wife such an one would be, as, if she cured herself, he would need no physician, and she could avoid 'gadding' about shopping, by sitting in her parlor and looking at the goods in every store in town through brick and stone walls, and ten foot pasteboard buildings. She could undoubtedly read the price

* Verbatim from an artiele on animal_magnetism, published as truth, and received as such,—in this city, too.

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marks on each parcel also, and if she could do that, she could likewise tell whether the colors would bear washing. At any rate this latter particular could be solved at once, by her faculty of foretelling 'what was to happen at many days' interval.' She could read the phrenological developments of the store keepers at a distance which would frighten Mr Parker away from his semaphoric signals, and ascertain whether or not, they were *beat-down-able*. Or, for that matter, she could tell what goods were packing in New York, Liverpool, Lowell, Lyons or Manchester for this market, and time her purchases by her prescience. What a glorious helpmeet would a full charged magnet of a catalepsical wife be to a person living on small means!

If Mr Loveleisure had not been in a sort of 'magnetic sleep,' and unable to put that and that together, he would have detected something wanting in the chain of evidence. He would have perceived that though the lecturer *had seen* the wonderful woman, that went no farther to substantiate these *facts* than the circumstance of seeing a horse travelling in harness, and testifying to it, would go to prove that the animal could cut and curl hair. The lecturer distinctly

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stated that when he saw her '*she had already recovered her health*,' and of course could see through four feet walls or forty feet ladders no better than any body else. If he had said that he *knew* a man who came from the moon, because he saw him *after* he was fairly here, Mr L. would have been shy of belief upon such testimony, unless indeed he was informed that the traveller came down on a flood of magnetic fluid, shook out of the fingers of the man who takes care of the museum of 'things lost on earth.' But he laid up the catalepsy of the wonderful old woman of Blois in his head, as a veritable and true story, substantiated by the testimony of a living eye witness, whom it was his great happiness to hear — and believe.

As Mr L. was inclined to believe, from his wish to receive as true such a convenient fact for a man with small means, as the possession of supernatural power by himself or wife, he was completely convinced when the lecturer proceeded to prove his theory by *analogical* facts. 'For myself I affirm,' said he 'I have observed in the Island of Martinique not long ago, a species of serpents, gray and yellow, and extremely poisonous, which possess the fascinating

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power to a high degree.' Here he drew a very moving picture of a 'pretty little bird called the nightingale,' which hops into the serpent's mouth. This he said was 'easily conceived and accounted for if we reflect upon the wonderful power of the loadstone to draw to itself other metals.' Mr Loveleisure did not remember that he might as well 'conceive and account for' the blow of a lion's paw by reflections upon a trip hammer; and the lecturer triumphantly proceeded; 'Now if some animals of a lower class, nay, a brute, inert body, possess so extraordinary a power, why could not man, the best organized of all living creatures, possess some analogous faculties to affect, in a certain degree, his fellow man when sick?' (If a bushel of beans cost sixpence, how much does a pig weigh?) 'Verily if the phenomena of magnetism are incredible, there is something, to my mind, still more difficult to be understood. It is the inconsistency and narrowness of mind which characterizes the judgment of men on certain subjects. They very readily grant wonderful faculties to pieces of dead matter, and they deny the same faculties to the smartest and most powerful agent in nature, a human brain in activity.' '*O stulti*

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homines, et tarde corde credendum!' roared the lecturer in conclusion, thus clapping a Roman key-stone to his arch of proof, and Mr Loveleisure leaned against it, perfectly, entirely and happily satisfied of the truth and incontrovertibility of the useful, sublime, and rational science of *Animal Magnetism.*

The burden of the lecture was an enumeration of natural and physical phenomena and discoveries; *videlicit* — sudden death, spontaneous combustion, volcanoes, meteoric stones, the aurora borealis, revolutions of comets, electricity, mineral magnetism, attraction and repulsion, centripetal and centrifugal forces, the progress of light, the action of the lungs, the circulation of the blood, intermittent fevers, dreams, *cum multis aliis* — which as here quoted means everything of every kind. Now says he, you believe all this and much more; *ergo*, you should and must believe in animal magnetism. If you won't without, I'll prove it. 'What is understood by the words animal magnetism? I open the Dictionary of Medical Sciences, published at Paris, volume twentyfirst, and read that it is a peculiar state of the nervous system, during which some unusual phys-

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iological phenomena, not yet well appreciated, present themselves — a state which is ordinarily produced in one individual by the will of another performing certain manual evolutions for the purpose of causing it to take place.' And the indispensable, absolute, moral conditions to produce any magnetical effect, the lecturer quoted from De Puysegar; ' A firm will to do good — a strong belief in one's power, and entire confidence in using it.'

Reader, we fear you are not yet convinced, and that all our report of the lecture will be labor lost. To avert such a shocking catastrophe permit us to place the arguments distinctly before you. Attention!

ARGUMENT I. If a snake, ' ugly and venomous,' can, with a firm will to do mischief, entice a silly bird into its mouth by looking it out of countenance, a man, handsome, hearty, and philanthropic, being a vastly more respectable animal than a snake, can, with a firm will to do good, a strong belief in his power, and confidence in the use of it, put the gout to sleep, allay the pains of chronic rheumatism, cure the sick head-ache, reduce the inflammation which attends one of Job's comforters, and place in

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the pit of the stomach a sense of sight which will enable the person operated upon to see all the treasures of lava-inhumed Pompeii without leaving his room.

ARGUMENT II. If a magnet attract steel filings, a healthy man with the qualifications enumerated in argument first, can put a sick man, or a weak woman in a state of magnetic sleep, in which he or she can think, speak, or move only at the option of the operator — can hear no voice but his, and feel no pain — all the effect being produced by a motion of the arms of the operator with the muscles and nerves so strained by violent effort, as to produce a delirium tremens shake of the ends of the fingers. Q. E. D.

There, if you do not believe now, you are of less faith than Mr Loveleisure. In that alternative, as economy and small means are the order of the day; and as good housewives who make pie-crust in spite of Dr A. turn the surplus paste into biscuit, suppose you take the analogies, and apply them another way:

If an anaconda can swallow a small deer whole, man, who is much more perfect in his organization, can at least bolt a rabbit if he can-

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not swallow animal magnetism. If iron, an inert, senseless substance, is serviceable in trip-hammers, the brain of a blockhead can be used to browbeat common sense out of the market; and if a magnetic needle can turn on a pivot, man can also move where attracted, and with as much more variation from the cardinal points of common sense, as he possesses superiority over mere steel.

Charged, to the utmost with animal magnetism, Mr Loveleisure after the lecture hied him home. His head was so full of the revelations of the lecturer, that it was not till he had twice rung the door bell at his old house, now vacant, that he recollected he was a small-means-ite, and had changed his residence from a convenient dwelling, to three rooms in the house with the amiable Mrs Battles. Turning, half regretting the change, from the door, he wended his way to the less agreeable part of the city in which he now domiciliated, and as he went, chid his stomach's yearnings with some of the small-means precepts. Oh, in the darkness and silence of the streets, and in his own 'heart of hearts' he did yearn for the flesh pots of Egypt. The clock struck ten — he remembered that

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nine was the fatal hour on the exact point and turning of which, according Dr A. the night becomes unhealthy, and quickened his pace into a fast walk, then into a run. The door of the house was shut, and fastened. He felt for a bell knob — there was none. He pounded on the door a full half hour. His wife, supposing that it was unfastened, had gone to sleep long before, and as his three rooms were exactly one above another, and the lowest was in the second story, she heard nothing of the racket he caused. Mrs Battles at length took mercy on — herself, for she could not sleep, and as she let him in, looked at him with anything rather than a gentle, fawn-like expression in her countenance.

Taking the light from his sitting room, he went up to his chamber, intending to wake his wife, and deliver to her the lecture and the impressions he had just received upon animal magnetism. Finding some difficulty in waking her, he waived that, and determined to waive his arms and magnetize her as she slept. He had not proceeded far enough into the science to learn whether such a course were proper, or possible, or not, and he did not stop to think, but hastened to make the 'passes' as the

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technical phrase styles certain unmeaning motions of the hands and arms.

'There,' said he to himself, as he saw a slight motion, 'it is beginning to take effect,' and he plied his arms over her, shook his fingers, and rocked his body with redoubled energy. 'There! there! truth is triumphant!' he screamed aloud — 'now have my own eyes, and my own unassisted experiments convinced me of the truth of this much abused and scouted science! I *will* thee to get up and dance a *pas seul!*'

Mrs Loveleisure, thoroughly awakened, sprung up in bed and stared wildly about her, in the most extreme fright. Her husband stood at a little distance from the bed, attentively looking at her, and his strange appearance only added to her bewilderment. He said not a word for a moment, and then asked, 'come Jane, are you not going to dance, as I *willed* you?'

'Dance!'

'Yes, *I will* you to dance.'

Mrs Loveleisure was so well accustomed to her husband's vagaries, that she regarded his conduct — of the whole of which she had not been aware, — as merely some new whim which

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would last its nine days, and then be forgotten. So she laid her down to sleep again, but when he commenced with the oddest gestures and most abominable contortions of countenance to 'magnetize' her again, she stared at him some moments in vacant, sleepy astonishment — then, persuaded he was undoubtedly insane, she screamed with affright, and seized both his wrists with her hands. He struggled to get loose — she screamed louder and louder, and Mrs Battles, who had been listening, as a neighbor ought, burst into the room. One look was enough to explain it all to her.

'Oh, you brute!' she exclaimed 'to come home at this time of night, intoxicated, and then beat your wife, and raise the whole neighborhood! Oh, you brute! Oh, you wretch!'

Mr Loveleisure retreated from the virago in astonishment, and his wife commenced a contradiction of Mrs Battles' accusation, but that worthy interrupted her —

'Oh, you needn't talk, ma'am innocence. You are a Greenham woman, and your husband is Greenham, and you believe in temperance, and eat no meat, and study the ways of living on small means. A precious pattern family

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you are, for all the neighborhood. You go to bed drunk at eight, and your husband comes home drunk at midnight'—

'He never was intox——'

'Talk to *me*, will you! I'm a fool I suppose, and have lived all my life — not to know when a person is drunk! He comes home drunk and goes to beating you'—

'He never struck me in his life, Mrs Battles!'

'Well, that transcends! You didn't scream murder, did you?'

'No, I'm sure I didn't!'

'Of all the lying women! Well I suppose you'll tell me too that I did n't come in and catch him a walloping you like a dog!'

'No, indeed you did not.'

'I 'm blind you think — *I'm* drunk you suppose.'

'I should not wonder,' said Mr Loveleisure, speaking for the first time.

'You to put in your oar — you — you miserable scamp! Oh you wretch, to half kill your fool of a wife! To dare to speak in your defence — but I 'll complain to the police tomorrow — there, there 's my children, you 've

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waked up by hollering so — you shall answer for it — yes you shall!' And as she left the room she

'Shook her ambrosial curls, and gave a nod,
The stamp of fate, the menace of a'—mad woman.

Mrs Battles' children had indeed tuned their pipes. The children of another Mrs who tenanted the attic room opened their throats in concert; Mr Loveleisure's little pledge chimed in. There were *three* parts of the concert, and the fourth was not long wanting. From beneath the base of the house, the subterranean retreat where an Irish family lived on small means, came up the swelling, reverberating thorough bass of twenty children, more or less, who had been awakened with the outcry above them.

'Mr Loveleisure.'

'Well, my dear.'

'I begin to be convinced that "little differences and disagreements between different families are scarcely to be considered an objection to their occupation of one house."'

'I understand you madam, I understand your sarcastic quotation. But recollect that Mrs Battles is not the right sort of a neighbor. She

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hates us, and our economy, because she is wasteful and improvident herself.'

'Improvident, or not, you cannot now assert that she is shiftless, Mr Loveleisure.'

'Silence! and sleep — I am in no mood for conversation.'

Mr Loveleisure thought that his wife was laughing at him. He felt more than half inclined to laugh himself, but dared not; and he dared not ask Mrs L. whether she was laughing or not. He turned from her and sought consolation in philosophy. It is one of the peculiar beauties of Animal Magnetism that every discomfiture in the prosecution of the study of it, and every unsuccessful experiment but adds new proof, and strengthens the belief of the disciple. Every contradiction is a confirmation, and Mr Loveleisure derived no small confidence in the truth of the science from the occurrences of the night. Mrs L. had resisted his experiment — but that was in strict accordance with the facts developed in the Professor's practice. Then she had not done as he 'willed' her to do, but that also was all right; for the fact that a person magnetizing, has, by mere internal volition, complete and entire control over the thought, action

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and will of the person magnetized, is strongly proved by the experience of professors and pretenders, which always shews that ninetynine persons in a hundred under magnetic influence, will do exactly contrary to what they are bidden by the magnetizer. Further confirmation of the truth of the science may be found in the circumstance that he was weary and depressed, as magnetizers always are, and he went into a happy sleep, to dream that Animal Magnetism would develop to him all the mysteries in the world.

'I went to our old house last night by mistake' — said Mr. L. to his wife at breakfast.

'It was a sensible mistake, at any rate,' said the lady. 'You still hold the lease, and if I dared advise, we should move back there altogether.'

'Yes, but that would be contrary to the first principle of living on small means.'

'Oh no — we could live as small as we pleased, otherways. I don't see the economy of paying rent for these three rooms and that house beside.'

'I would let that if I could.'

'Well, suppose we leave this, and return to

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that until you can let it. You can always find a dog kennel like this to burrow in.'

'Dog kennel, Mrs Loveleisure!' —

What he would have said, remains among things unsaid, for at that moment the musical voice of Mrs Battles was heard in the passage. She was loudly berating somebody, who it appeared could not carry his side of the argument.

'These stairs are a real thoroughfare and I won't put up with it. There is somebody eternally trampoosing over 'em to go into them Lovèleisure's part. Why don't you scrape your feet at the door! why how you stare, I should think you was a fool!'

The person thus attacked could just be heard, attempting to expostulate.

'I tell you it's no use — they'll only abuse you as they do me every time I go in. They got a fighting last night, and when I went to interfere, fell afoul of me and beat me within an inch of my life. Besides they ain't up yet!'

Mr Loveleisure could stand this no longer, and going to the door, saw his magnetical friend in full retreat, and called after him — but it was of no use. He was verifying the doctrine of

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animal repulsion as fast as possible, by running away from Mrs Battles' din, in too much haste to hear.

At four o'clock that day, Mr and Mrs Loveleisure sat before the grate in their old house, from which — it was Saturday night — they had been just one week absent. Mr Loveleisure felt on the whole, that the move back was a good one. A 'few plain wooden chairs, a table or two, two or three bedsteads and beds, a few plates and tumblers and spoons, and knives and forks,' to which he had reduced his furniture in accordance with Dr A.'s manual, looked even more 'small meanish' in his comfortable house than in the dog kennel, as Mrs L. rather surlily had called the Battles lodging. Feather beds he had discarded because Dr A. said he should as soon think of introducing household gods as feather beds — household gods would constitute idolatry — and as the Dr would as soon be guilty of idolatry as of sleeping on geese feathers, it follows that one is as great a sin as the other. So Mr L. had sold his feathers to those who chose to run the risk of sleeping on them, and bought curled hair mattresses — curled hair being a substance less idolatrous

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than feathers. He looked over his house with all the conscious pride of a brother of La Trappe surveying his cowl and cord — or of a Fakir looking at the limb which he had stiffened into one position by holding it so for years. He felt all the self gratulation of a martyr, and while he acknowledged the advantage of a distinct tenement over one in the common occupancy of fourteen families, he warned his wife that a variation in one item from the small means school was not to be considered a precedent for any farther departure.

Things really went on comfortably for some time. Dr Greenham's assertion that by a *proper* diet the animal desire for food would be so conquered that we should know our meal times by the clock rather than by the warnings of the stomach was fully realized, for Mr Loveleisure's family soon learned to dread their food rather than desire it — particularly *such* food. Every thing was on the 'intellectual' order, and it was with no small triumph that Mr Loveleisure found his wife made no objection to her fare, but the rather seemed to rejoice that every thing was thus in the full tide of 'successful experiment.' At length he really began to wish she

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would make some objection — for what is a system worth that one is not called upon to defend? What had been the fate of the thousand hypotheses in religion and philosophy, which now have their adherents, had it not been for the opposition which nourished them into strength? Mr Loveleisure — we grieve to say it — became lukewarm upon the principles, which, if they only become universal, will by that universality 'satisfy' Dr A. 'even if his book and the name and fame of him who writes it shall be forgotten.' Such oblivion is a consummation devoutly deprecated by all the admirers of the 'name and fame' of the author, and not at all feared by that gentleman himself.

Mr Loveleisure's whole domestic economy was now to be on the most thorough and ultra school of Dr A.'s philosophy of living. He discarded all but three rooms of his house, shutting them up, as he alleged the furniture for them would be an unnecessary tax. Then as to his daily management he adopted the 'rational' system of a gentleman celebrated in the book of his adoption. The Loveleisure family on the Tuesday morning after their return rose at four. At five Mrs L. 'put things to rights' and pre-

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pared breakfast, Mrs L. being in the mean time engaged in the profound study of Animal Magnetism. Breakfast smoked — I beg pardon — stood on the table — at six, and consisted of a loaf of bread and some apples, and a newly baked Indian cake; Mr Loveleisure cried out against the latter item, as he insisted that the Doctor says 'all bread is better one or two days old,' that 'people eat twice as much hot bread as cold without being any better satisfied,' and that 'here is a loss which he who would live on small means should by no means overlook.' Mrs L., now as well versed in the book as her husband, took it out of his hands, and shewed him that Dr A.'s pattern families ate Indian cake fresh. By the time the discussion was finished the cake was past burning the fingers.

Breakfast over and the important question of the hot Indian cake precedent settled, Mr L. went out to his business. At eleven, his stomach did beseech him most imploringly for somewhat to stay the gnawings of hunger, for this was his first six o'clock breakfast. He debated a long time with himself, and then — tell it not to Dr A. — slipped very accidentally into a coffee room. Seating himself in one of

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the alcoves, he might have practised upon Esop's recipe for living on small means — namely, satisfying hunger by inhaling the fumes of meat, and nothing more; but the attendant, supposing of course that he wanted coffee, brought it to him.

'I did not order this,' said Loveleisure, to himself. He did put in the cream and sugar though.

'Steak, did you say, sir?'

'No but — no matter — you may — I believe I will — yes.'

The victualler thought he had never seen so queer a customer. Loveleisure called for more gravy to his steak, and then for potatoes to his gravy. Then he forgot that 'all mixtures of fruit with farinaceous articles of food are unjustifiable,' and wound up with plum pudding. Then he crept sheepishly home — to dinner.

Poor Mrs Loveleisure had been proceeding according to book. At eleven she had put her potatoes over the fire — at half past poured off the water, and at twelve placed them on the table, with salt, tumblers, and clear cold crystal from the well. What could Mr L. say to this sumptuous preparation? What could he do but seat himself; and eat 'with what appetite he might.'

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'My dear,' said Mrs L. 'I believe this prudent way of living does lessen your appetite. Less suffices you to-day than ever.'

'Yes,' said Mr Loveleisure. He had half a mind to confess — he really wished Mrs L. would give him a chance to retract from his Greenham system, by objecting, as she did at first, to such niggardly provision. But she was no such woman. She had discovered, according to Dr A.'s promise that such family arrangements as he recommended, would allow her a great deal of leisure — and that she loved. He had embraced the theory as he did all theory, for the trouble it saved in furnishing thoughts ready matured to his purpose, without requiring mental exercise. She was slow in falling in with him; but that once done, she did not wish to return to 'the old din of pots and kettles, and looking glasses, and unnecessary chairs and other furniture, and all the useless drudgery which the epicureanism of three or four thousand years has entailed upon humanity.'

A great deal of time was thus left on her hands. This, you say, she devoted to the care of her family — but *what* care was left her? She could not wax pine chairs and tables, and

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there were no culinary utensils to keep bright — no conserves, jams, jellies and delicacies to prepare; and the great resource recommended by Dr A. in the education of her children, was narrowed down to the care of one child, scarce two years old. The little finery which it is every good, industrious mother's care to prepare for her children, was all thrown aside under the new regime, and the one stuff gown which the little sinner found itself furnished with, afforded no employment for her needle. Her own clothing was narrowed down to the same simplicity — and so was her husband's. They did nothing by halves. The directions in the Dr's book about attire puzzled them not a little at first. 'One suit of clothes — without any small clothes,' says the doctor, 'is enough in our climate, to answer all the legitimate purposes of dress, were we trained aright.' The first idea of the couple was, that since their oracle had been married, and ceased writing directions for young mothers, he had become very delicate in his phraseology and feared to mention the article worn by men and — whisper it — called *drawers*. But this was upset by the context, which goes on to relate the experience of a

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British officer, already an old man, who 'said he had gone through two wars and was able to go through another without wearing any flannel or small clothes.'

'Certainly,' said Mrs L. 'he means without wearing any flannel clothes, or small clothes.'

'Evidently.'

'And if flannel clothes and small clothes mean the same thing the doctor would not thus multiply words, for he is never diffuse or slovenly in his style.'

'Never.'

'Then by small clothes he must mean'——

A long, long, pause.

'Breeches,' gasped Mr Loveleisure.

Another pause.

'I wonder if the old British surgeon is a married man,' said Mrs L.

'We are not told,' said the husband, 'but the doctor is; and perhaps he fears that his wife's notions of "training him aright" may make it dangerous to leave such things in her way.'

'You're a naughty man, Mr Loveleisure, but the doctor may say what he pleases—you shall be decorous in your apparel. However you can keep within the letter of the book, by having all your clothes made large.'

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So that momentous question was settled.

How does the doctor mean to guide us about books?' said Mrs Loveleisure. 'He speaks of the folly of purchasing every new book, and then says that it is not of the purchase of those sensible books which sometimes make their appearance that he complains. What are we to receive as sensible books?'

'Let me see — oh, Pilgrim's Progress and Butler's Analogy.'

'Very good works — but they are not new.'

'Well, we will have them; then there is this little work' —

'That makes only three.'

'Let me see the Ways of Living.'

'Why you have lost my place.'

'No matter — why here is a catalogue on the last leaf! Now take paper and pencil and make a list as I read. "The Young Mother." '

'Well, who is the author?'

'Dr A. Now set down "The House I Live In." '

'How many rooms?'

'Why it means the human body, child.'

'Who is the author?'

'Dr A. "The Moral Reformer." '

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'That must be good. Whose is it?'

'Dr A.'s. "Scientific Tracts." '

'Who prepared them?'

'Dr A. has one of them. Now we must have a periodical, and here is the very thing — a "Library of Health?" '

'Who is the editor?'

'Dr A. But stop, here's another book, "The Young Man's Guide." '

'The pilot?'

'Dr A.'

'Why it seems to me he is *all book.*'

'Yes, but he spends a great deal of time and diligent research upon them before he publishes, my dear.'

'How do you know?'

'Because he condemns in toto making books by "steam," and says they must be studied before written. His are the sensible books which occasionally make their appearance. A new one does not appear oftener than once in a month, and when you have read two, you find the same startling truths impressed on the mind in both. When you have read all, you get acquainted with the truth by its earnest and frequent repetition. Dr A. is a mental economist,

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and makes one idea yield him a great deal of profit.'

This selection formed a library to which Mrs Loveleisure found it a very severe duty indeed to confine all her reading. The circulating libraries she dared not trust, as they are denounced as collections 'of miserable trash,' and to the Atheneum or other public libraries she did not enjoy access. When she saw a work highly recommended, and urged her husband to purchase, he met her with a frugal saw. At length, by studying the 'small means,' she found that the bane carried the antidote with it, in the example there held up of Dr Johnson, who never 'read any book through.' Upon this hint she practised, as some good souls do, who find the Bible forbids being 'righteous over much,' and take care that whatever sins be laid at their doors, overmuch righteousness is not among the catalogue.

Mr Loveleisure, though indolent in the prosecution of *thought* and prone to take systems upon trust to save mental labor, was by no means physically indolent. The novelty of the theory of living he had embraced, did at first please him, it is true, for the demonstration it

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afforded that to supply the absolute necessities of life little labor is required — and he proceeded upon that conviction. At length, however, Animal Magnetism palled in its attractions, and he was left no hobby but his abstemiousness — upon which the less he dwelt the better; as, spite of himself, he would occasionally swerve. To employ his time, he soon fell into an absolute mania for money getting — devoting his every energy to that now darling object. It was first suggested by his wife, after a triumphant comparison between his present and former expenses, which he one night made to her.

'How much we might have been worth had we always lived thus.'

'That's a fact!' exclaimed Mr Loveleisure, impressed with the originality of the idea. Silence a few moments.

'Mrs Loveleisure.'

'Well.'

'Don't you think the "Life of Girard," and the "Art of Money Getting," could be added to our library without incurring censure for the purchase of trash?'

'Yes.'

'And some portion of Franklin's Works?'

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'You mean for their economical precepts — but *those* are all original here' — pointing to the 'Ways of Living on Small Means.'

'Well, we'll waive the Franklin, and purchase the others.'

And having debated the matter in committee of the whole, they rose and reported a resolution to purchase, which was unanimously passed, and the motion to adjourn to bed was also put and carried.

A new hobby, and one not interfering at all with the old one, was now violently ridden by Mr L. He was assiduous in his application to business, and all diverging steps into refectories and cook-shops were checked by the bare consideration of expense. He was early and late at his all-engrossing occupation — money getting, and denied himself the half hour which is represented as necessary to the proper gustatory enjoyment of potatoes and salt. In short he became a systematic and confirmed miser. This was employment enough for him — but what was to employ his wife?

She too, was soon directed to a hobby. It was no less than the famous one of philanthropy, so particularly the boast of the fair daughters of

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New England. How might the Esquimaux bless her — if they ever heard her name — and how the sallow Chinese! The Oceanic Indians should celebrate her generosity in their paddle dances, the Hindostanese and the Hottentots, the New Zealanders and inhabitants of Central Africa should praise her charity; — the more because that the poor widow who starved at her next door was so blamably ignorant as not to know that Mrs Loveleisure existed, and so culpably ungrateful as never to thank her for the thousand benefits which she never conferred.

'Oh Jane, — good morning. I am just going out. How is all at home, Jane?'

'Plaze yer leddyship, my mother was poorly forenint I went home an'— '

'How very fortunate that was!'

'Ma'am!'

'I mean how fortunate that you should be at liberty just as she was taken sick.'

'It isn't for the likes of me to spake agen a leddy like yersel, who to be sure should know more than a poor ignorant body; but the bit wages to comfort the mother 'ud a been better than a daughter at home, to help ate what wasn't to be had.'

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'I am very sorry Jane — but—'

'Oh what is past is gone, your leddyship, an' if you'll give the poor ould washwoman a bit of old bread'—

'Old bread *we* prefer to new.'

'Or broken meat—'

'We use none'—

'Or a t'imble full of tay'—

'For a sick woman! It would kill her and'—

'Och! heaven preserve her life just till you give it her, and she'll have a long one to answer for. The top of the mornin' to ye ma'am, an' many thanks.'

How unreasonable, thought Mrs L.— that is, she tried to think she thought so,— that this woman should have the impertinence to ask her to bestow things in charity which she denied herself! There could be no charity in giving her — it would be only encouraging her to live beyond her means. Nobody should keep servants — it is ridiculous — and nobody should indulge in superfluities — they are sinful. The poor who might draw support from furnishing service or superfluities must learn to live on small means.

Mrs L. had become inducted into the mystery of being very charitable on small means, and

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at no expense — of money. She presented memorials, obtained signatures to petitions, scattered little books with a liberal hand when they came with the endorsement 'Gratuitous, please circulate,' and she begged funds to pay the expense of procuring their publication. She caused her husband to complain of all boys guilty of wearing rags, and have them sentenced to the House of Reformation for Juvenile Offenders; not because they were offenders, but because that was a place of refuge for them — a home — and a very excellent one too. When the parents objected and complained of such summary proceedings, she reproached them with ingratitude, and went her way rejoicing in an approving conscience. She never troubled herself about individual woes, the good of the whole species being her aim, and she never gave money, her time being a sufficient sacrifice. She was celebrated in the newspapers as a pattern of benevolence, and her name was read on the floor of Congress as appended to numerous petitions. Poor Jenny, discharged from her service for economy's sake, appealed to her in vain, as we have seen, — when her mother was starving. She never gave, she said,

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without examination into the claims of the petitioner, and for that examination she never found time. With herself and husband the experiment, 'Means without Living' was in daily, penurious, and successful operation. They were rapidly hoarding, and continued to hoard, for for the mere pleasure of acquisition.

A new demand was at length made upon her time. Dr Greenham, the dear, good, benevolent, philosophical Dr Greenham, of whom she had frequently heard with admiration bordering on idolatry, made his appearance in the city. He is the devoted philanthropist who goes up and down the earth telling people how much salt to put to their porridge, without deriving or desiring any personal benefit in remuneration. He is remarkable for retiring modesty, and anxiety to keep himself out of sight, in the promulgation of what he calls *his* system. His lectures are noted for his repeated disclaimers of originality, and for his instancing at every step, the authorities upon which he draws. The pronoun *I* is a stranger to his vocabulary, and *my* and *mine* are never coupled by him to *his* books, and *his* system, and *his* dietetic revolution, and *his* disciples. If you would learn modesty, and

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the Science of Human Life, believe in Dr Greenham.

Mr and Mrs Loveleisure attended his introductory lecture. A man with a nose slightly aquiline, a little stoop in his shoulders, a countenance rather pallid, and a first apppearance rather retiring, rose slowly, and commenced :

'It is very unfortunate for this city that I am not understood here, and my system is not in proper repute. People do not properly understand my theory here, although I can raise an army in New York — twenty thousand men who will go to the death at the mere mention of the name of Greenham. I am afraid, however, that I shall not be able to do myself justice this evening, for I acknowledge with shame and sorrow that I have disgraced and abused my vital functions. I have reduced myself to a level with brutes — and now I pay the penalty. My friends — before I came to this hall — just before I came — I yielded to temptation — and ate a slice too much of Greenham bread!* It is fact — [here he spoke very quick, as if in a

* The reason for digression and incoherence reported as actually assigned by a certain lecturer — reported and never contradicted by him.

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suppressed passion] eat meat and you know nothing of gustatory enjoyment. You bring on first a sinking here [pointing to his stomach] then dyspepsia, prostration of strength, insanity, death. One or more of these consequences, particularly the latter, sooner or later overtakes all who eat animal food. You have no appetite till you stimulate your depraved organs — but drink water! eat raw potatoes and raw wheat— learn to appreciate their creamy taste, and your stomach will be a stop watch for you. Your senses will be quickened till you can detect fragrance in everything simple. When you meet the food you have accustomed yourself to, you will eat with pure, holy, voracious appetite. There'll be no stopping you, and there's the danger. Look at me — at my exhilaration — all arising, let me assure you, from one extra slice of bread. I should have known better — I did know better.

'You must be punctual in your meals. I breakfast at ten and dine at four. No matter when you eat — but be punctual. Always begin as the clock strikes. There's a sort of a vital papillary erection of the inner coat of the stomach at the moment of receiving its regular

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food which must not be cheated. If it is — woe, woe — dyspepsia — and sorrow. You know nothing about hunger, on my system till the hour comes. You never think of food till it is before you. Then the smell, imperceptible to the flesh eater, without the addition of poisonous condiments, awakes a devouring appetite, and a keen relish. For myself, I never know when to stop.

'I do not, like most lecturers, talk by the minute; when I talk I have always something to say. I talk a good while, and when you get tired of hearing, the audience must manifest it, and I will stop. [Here he stopped to take some water.] This is rain water. It is the direct gift of Heaven, and the only water man should drink — except indeed, he meet such a well as I found near New York. Why there was a sort of natural sweetness about that water — not a molasses sweetness — but as if — as if — nature prepared it for man to drink. I would go out of the city, after I had been poisoned with the nasty wash called water there, and get to this pump and drink, and drink, and drink. People would stare, and think me crazy, but I paid no attention to them. I drank, and drank, and drank, and never was satisfied.'

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So he went on, introducing into his introductory, theology and tea and coffee, Dr Beaumont and predestination, the absorbents and his discoveries, his books and the gastric juice, himself and Socrates, the fifty simple substances and Professor Silliman, his persecution, as parallel to that of one whose name we cannot profane by naming it in the same sentence with Dr Greenham, 'flesh of all kinds, pastry flour, sugar, molasses, tea and coffee, snuff and tobacco, mustard, pepper, vinegar and salt, butter, cheese, pigeon broth and oysters.' Methusaleh ate none of these — Abraham ate none, and when manna was sent to the children of Israel in the desert, it was to teach them what they should eat, instead of feeding from the flesh pots of Egypt. They never rebelled or grumbled while they ate manna, but when the quails came, the old Adam was stirred up anew, and they murmured. He forgot to remind his hearers that the same Providence that sent the manna sent the quails. All the bible testimony was against animal food: Canaan was to flow with milk and honey, but no butcher's meat. The directions about clean and unclean beasts for food were given, not because Heaven wished

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the chosen people to eat flesh, but because, knowing they *would* do so, it was deemed better to give them sumptuary regulations, than to forbid them animal food. The old Testament contained dietetic principles, which if followed out, and *improved upon*, by forbidding all food at all times, which was there forbidden in any part, or at any time, would restore man back to a state of nature and innocence. The vision of the disciple, in which he was told that God had made nothing 'common or unclean,' and in which he was directed to '*kill* and eat,' did not mean that he must take animal life, to gratify his depraved appetite. Paul's permission to eat meat without questions, 'for conscience sake,' was mere yielding to the taste he could not subdue. That hogs were forbidden to the Jews was proof that *all* animal food had better be dispensed with. For his part, he would stop at no halfway place. In other times people's habits were consulted, and allowance made — sin was in a measure connived at. Reformers stopped short of the proper point because they feared people would not follow them. He should go beyond what he really wished, expected or hoped his hearers would follow, and

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thus should carry them to the proper stopping place.* He did not wish people to believe in all he said — he did not believe it himself. He wished only the good of mankind — he perilled life and limb for that great end — he would continue to do so, and glory in persecution.

Mr and Mrs Loveleisure followed Greenham through his course on dietetics. They were not a little astonished that one half his positions contradicted the other — but that was accounted for by his lecturing extempore, and was no objection. They did not consider that a system which the apostle could not consistently deliver, was expected to be consistently followed by the disciples. They did not know that while Greenham was recommending raw wheat and potatoes, the bill of fare of a breakfast of his is on record; and that the following are the articles:

'Greenham Toast: Made of unbolted flour, though *sifted*, fermented with *yeast*, sprinkled with fine *salt*, and *buttered* with warm milk.

Asparagus. Boiled, salted, and buttered as above.

* Fact, in substance.

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Hard water crackers. Made of fine flour.

Apple-pie. The paste made of coarse half-bolted flour, and raised with sour buttermilk, sweetened with salæratus. The apples charged with sugar.

Cheese.

Recapitulation. Partially bolted wheat, fine flour, yeast, salt, milk, asparagus, apples, buttermilk, salæratus, sugar, cheese, rennet, water.'

There — taking the lecturer's example as proof of what his idea of the natural man's food was — is *his* notion of the fare of Adam and Eve in Eden. We must follow nature — but nature is no guide! — we must follow natural instinct, but 'mankind are exceedingly depraved in their instinctive propensities' — we must follow Dr Greenham, if we can catch his track.

After all this is accomplished, the perfection of reason comes in the final grand arguments of the Greenham science of human life, which requires to be taught to men alone and to women alone: viz. That to the avoidance of vice and the abuse of our natures, it is necessary that 'every adult person in the human world' should be distinctly taught every possible vile sin which it comes within the depravity of human

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nature to conceive or to execute: that the seductions of all sorts of forbidden pleasure should be particularly and circumstantially pointed out: that the first impressions on pure minds should be an acquaintance with the theory of guilt: that a printed chart to degradation should be in every child's hands: that vile and concupiscent thoughts, which else might never be conceived, should be created by being suggested, and warmed into strength by lascivious treatises under the garb of sanctity and pretended philanthropy; that books should be printed, having in them such matter that the very reprehension and condemnation of it operrates as a means for their sale: and finally, that turning the faults of our species — of which alas there are too many — into articles of traffic, and ministering to them by furnishing a pretext for their gratification in the perusal of an obscene book under the pretext of *improvement!* is holy and praiseworthy; and a course which deserves the countenance and support of our wives and sisters — our fathers and brothers!

Mr Loveleisure attended the Lecture exclusively to young men. When her turn came round, Mrs Loveleisure attended the Lecture

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exclusively for mothers. They did not compare notes. It was enough to exchange glances. Mrs L. returned from her edifying lesson. Mr L. asked her how she had been pleased — and she answered simply by a deep blush. As the name of the vilest being in creation might be dropped by any person whose perceptions of delicacy had not been deadened by the fanaticism of theorizing, the name of Dr Greenham ceased to be uttered at the fireside of the Loveleisures. As the participators in a disgraceful act might blush at meeting upon the remembrance of it, so did our couple blush at any allusion to the 'Science of Human Life' made in their hearing. Not that they felt conscious of guilt, but ashamed of being the subjects of imposition and barefaced and impudent quackery.

Pretty soon the simple sight of their penurious fare awakened recollections of the Lecturer. The husband, who had become an advocate of 'small means' from avarice, was averse to any alteration in their living. He had learned that existence can be supported on almost nothing; and to rebut the charge of niggardliness he could quote health and Dr A. Gradually, his wife won him round, and

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one evening conquered by a complete *coup d' état.* She read him, from a geographical work a long description of a community who never ate animal food, and subsisted in the most simple and pastoral way in the world. Upon inquiry, he was told by her that this favored race were uncivilized inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. Still he held his position, maintaining that they must be docile and humane. This position she drove him from, by book, pursuing the narration till he learned that they had quite as many filthy vices as their American and English cotemporaries.

Step by step, they retrograded from their 'scientific' positions. Now Jenny, as honest and faithful a daughter of the green isle as ever came over, is reinstated in the kitchen. Mr Loveleisure has outgrown his sudden mania for reducing himself to a mere machine by living monotonously by rule. The House is refurnished, the library regarnished with choice works, and although the meagre fare of those who would procure better if they could, has given way again to nutritious food, they are temperate in all things — even in temperance. Ultra temperance in eating is refined gluttony

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by the shewing of the advocates of it themselves. It requires a constant attention and study of diet which no rational man should be willing to waste his time in; and like the water cresses, roots, and crystal from the spring, of the ascetic hermit, is only sublimated epicurism. They now partake with gratitude of whatever Providence has furnished; live rationally without tiring themselves with monotony; and pay the best tribute to the disposing Power by thankful improvement of his blessings.

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